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Jacob's Unexpected Guest.

The rain was pouring in torrents as Jacob Sudge, the old pawnbroker, turned to his boy Joe and suggested that he might as well put up the shutters. But before Joe could comply he was 'knocked of a heap,' as he expressed it, by the sight of a little girl who walked timidly into the shop. 'Look, master,' he cried.

Jacob turned and hurried to the farther side of the counter. 'Mattie Dunstan!' he exclaimed. 'What are you doing away from home without a hat on a night like this? You are soaking wet, child.'

Mattie raised a pair of tear-filled eyes. 'I have no home,' she said. 'Aunt Maria's turned me out, and I'm not to go back.'

It was only too true. The child's mother, Grace Dormer, had displeased her father and brother by marrying Harry Dunstan, a man who had proved unfortunate in business. She had sought in vain to become reconciled to her relatives, but her brother Ralph, greedy of the whole of his father's wealth, did his utmost to harden the father's heart against her.

In a few years she sank under the sorrows of her lot, sending, however, in her dying moments a letter to old Giles Dormer, commending her daughter Mattie to his care. No notice was taken of this letter, which Ralph caused to be destroyed, and when Harry Dunstan followed his wife to the grave, he left the child in the charge of his sister Maria, who gave her by no means a warm welcome.

During the miserable time Mattie spent under her aunt's roof her only friend was old Jacob Sudge, who knew her story, and who had written at her mother's request the letter asking Giles Dormer to befriend the orphan child. So when a course of harsh treatment ended in Mattie being turned out of doors in a soaking rain to shift for herself, she knew of no one besides old Jacob to whom she could apply for shelter.

Great was the old man's indignation when he understood the facts of the case, and he vowed that if her own kin cast her off, she should find a home with him. So a new and happier life began for the little maid. By her sweet face and ways she twined herself round old Jacob's heart so that he could not bear to think that she would ever leave him, and as for Joe, he almost worshipped her.

Meanwhile the firm of Giles Dormer and Son went on prosperously. The old man left most of the business to his energetic son and partner, and, no longer being thus occupied, fell to brooding over the past. He had had only two children, Ralph and Grace, and thoughts of his daughter, driven away from him by his own harshness, filled his mind. From time to time he could not help reproaching himself openly for his harshness, and Ralph's attempts to re-ignite his bitter feelings against her failed. Giles Dormer begged his son to try every means of tracing Mattie's whereabouts, but Ralph secretly resolved that the latter should have no communication with her grandfather if he could possibly prevent it.

Five years passed away, and Mattie grew up into a beautiful girl, the delight of old Jacob's eyes. But the latter felt that he was not growing younger, and that it was his duty to make at least one more effort to induce



'YOU ARE SOAKING WET, CHILD!'

Giles Dormer to receive his grandchild. He therefore called with Mattie at the house, but instead of Giles, whom he had hoped to see, they were received by Ralph, who froze them by his icy coldness, and assured them that their desire for a reconciliation was by no means shared by himself or his father.

'Never mind, dearie,' said Jacob, on their return home, 'we will have one more try to see your grandfather. I hear he has had a serious illness lately, and that must have softened him a little, I think.'

So another call was made, and this time, in answer to the note which Jacob sent in, a message came that Mr. Dormer would see them.

There was a yearning look in the old man's eyes as he pushed back Mattie's bright curls and gazed into her face. 'Grace! Grace!' he muttered, brokenly; 'have you come back to me in your child?'

'Ah!' exclaimed Jacob, as Ralph, with an angry look on his face, appeared at the door, 'I see now who it was that prevented this breach being healed long ago!'

'And so, father, my orders have not been sufficient to prevent your being troubled with impostors!'

'Silence, Ralph!' said Giles Dormer, sternly; 'how dare you apply such a name to a relative of mine!'

'If you are anxious about money,' said Jacob, 'let me tell you, Ralph Dormer, that you can make your mind easy. I have been putting by for a good many years, and Mattie will be well provided for.'

And so to Giles Dormer came the opportunity for which he had longed, of making up in some measure to his daughter's child for the sorrow he had caused her mother. His own yearning over his lost daughter gave him, too, some glimpse of the love of God for his straying children, and aroused in him a desire to respond to it. So even his own wrong-doing was over-ruled by God to his own spiritual good, for in the short span of life left to him Giles Dormer did his best to live as an obedient and loving child of his Father in heaven.—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Last of the Christians:

I had been travelling in Northern Europe, amid the snows and pine forests of Russia and Finland, and had gone south through Sweden to Denmark. From the shores of Denmark I could see the faint outline of the Swedish coast across the blue waters of the Baltic. It was spring-time, and the great beech forests for which Denmark is celebrated had just burst into leaf, and were clothed with the tender green of foliage transpierced with sunshine, and presenting a spectacle of exceeding loveliness. Not far from one of these forests a great and busy city was spread out by the sea. The roofs and the steeples of the churches rose high above the picturesque mass of its houses, while the streets were crowded with a gay and pleasure-loving people. I fear from what I heard that not a few of the churches were like the beautiful empty perfume bottles one sometimes sees, from which all the fragrance has long since departed. Socialism and scepticism were rife among the masses of the city whose alienation from religion in all its forms was only too notorious. But there remained in the city one man in whom even the sceptics and socialists believed—a quiet, gentle man, who said little, but did much for the relief of the poor, the suffering, and distressed. They called him 'the last of the Christians.' As I expressed a desire to become acquainted with him, the friends with whom I was staying arranged for an interview. He was a rich man, living in the neighborhood of the city in the utmost plainness and simplicity, who had converted his mansion, surrounded by pleasant gardens, into a home for persons recovering from illness. Only such as could not afford to pay for their board and lodging were received, and these were housed, fed and nursed free of charge, the owner of the mansion living among them, eating at the same table with them, and ministering to their physical and spiritual wants with the utmost kindness, as if, indeed, he were a servant in the establishment rather than the master of the house. My friend told me that his liberality to the poor in the city was so great that none who needed help were ever refused. His whole means, and all his time and his strength, were consecrated to this beautiful service for others. It may be imagined that I looked at him with peculiar interest. He was a man of about forty years of age, slight in build, with an intelligent, kind, serious aspect, gentle in manner, rather reticent, but when drawn into conversation, brightened with sympathetic feeling. He was entirely free from all pride and affectation. No hedges seemed to grow around him, no barriers in the way of intercourse with his fellow-men. I looked round his roomy house. The hall was full of the hats and coats of the patients who were enjoying their evening meal in the dining room, whose windows were stocked with plants, and opened on the pleasant lawn. The patients seemed to be men and women of the so-called humbler classes, and an air of quiet enjoyment pervaded the place, which made it difficult to believe that the guests were people recovering from illness. Some little children were among them, and received a considerable share of loving attention. There was a harmonium in the room, and

at evening prayers the place was crowded with a company of people whose looks expressed their sense of freedom from care and worry, and their appreciation of the peaceful repose of this Christian home. I noticed that the master of the house went about among them in the quiet, business-like way in which a gardener attends to his plants, as he gently moves along when he is watering them in a greenhouse. There was no hurry or flurry—just wise and needful ministrations, and a busy, watchful attention to every want.

The next day I had a long talk with this remarkable man, and tried to ascertain what were the Scripture passages in the Bible which most deeply influenced him. I found that they were the Gospel narratives describing the life of our Lord and his practical teachings. He pointed out with serious emphasis the words, 'Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things I say?' and the precept, 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.' As we read together these and other similar sentences from the Master's lips, I felt I touched the spring which fed the beautiful life-service I beheld. So this was the man the sceptics and socialists called 'the last of the Christians.' Thus by this name did they unwittingly acknowledge the grace and purity of the religion they rejected. Thus did they express their judgment as to the character and worth of the mass of religious profession by which they were surrounded, their sense of the fact that it had lost its truth and reality; thus did they confess, however, that the Spirit of Christ had not wholly left the world, that there was still one in their midst who possessed and exemplified it. 'The last of the Christians!' Was he the last? Of course not, but these men called him so. What did they see, and what did they fail to see, to lead them to give this man such a name? In the churches they saw well-dressed people and heard good words; but here they saw a plain man doing good deeds. Here was the clear shining of a Christian life. This is what is wanted: more genuine followers of Jesus Christ, of the power of whose great example we read: 'the life was the light of men.' In this age of profession and preaching, of books and churches, what is most of all needed for the enlightenment and Christianization of an unbelieving and alienated world is just 'living epistles known and read of all men.'—Regions Beyond.

Northfield Summer Conferences and Bible School.

SEVEN GATHERINGS SCHEDULED FOR 1904.

Twenty-three years of Conferences has seen the little assembly of God's people who met at Northfield, first in 1880, steadily develop into an interminable series of religious gatherings, of which seven are to be held this summer. Already the advance inquiries concerning Conference dates and speakers promise an unusually large attendance. As in past years the Northfield management have thrown open the Northfield Seminary buildings and arranged for other accommodations at 'Camp Northfield,' and 'The Northfield,' a neatly appointed hotel open the entire season, and in addition, several hundred tents will be located on the school campus. Reduced railway rates have

been secured and a graduated scale of living expenses is maintained so that none may be debarred from sharing the helpful teaching of Northfield. Further details of this will be furnished by A. G. Moody, who has charge of the business end of the Northfield work. Following is a list of the separate Conferences and their speakers:

Student Conference, July 1 to 20, inclusive. Mr. John R. Mott will preside, with Mr. O. G. Frantz in charge of the music. The speakers thus far secured are: Mr. Robert E. Speer, the Rev. Johnston Ross, England, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., Prof. R. A. Falconer, and George Sherwood Eddy, India.

Northfield Summer Bible School, July 1 to 29 inclusive. The purpose of this school is to provide longer and more consecutive courses in Bible study than can be obtained at the Conferences. No tuition fees are charged.

Young Women's Conference, July 12 to 29 inclusive. Meetings are held mornings and evenings, the afternoons being set aside for social times and recreation. Among the speakers already announced are: The Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D., Mr. Robert E. Speer, the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D., Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, Miss Margaret M. Slattery, Mrs. Margaret Sangster, Mrs. W. A. Montgomery, Mrs. Margaret Bottome.

Summer School for Women's Missionary Societies, July 12 to 19, inclusive. This is an interdenominational Conference of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions for the United States and Canada. Among the speakers who will be present at this Conference are: Dr. Cline, Mr. Robert E. Speer, Mrs. W. A. Montgomery, Rochester, Dr. Gamewell, China, Miss Ellen Stone, Mrs. Margaret Sangster.

Summer School for Sunday School Workers, July 16 to 25, inclusive. This Conference is planned with the idea of studying intelligently the problems confronting Sunday Schools, of systematizing the work and equipping the workers. A partial schedule of the speakers includes: The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D., Miss Margaret M. Slattery, Miss Marion Thomas, Mr. E. P. St. John, Miss Florence H. Darnell, Mrs. J. W. Barnes, Mrs. M. G. Kennedy, Mr. Marion Lawrence.

General Conference of Christian Workers, July 29 to August 14, inclusive. Mr. W. R. Moody will preside. The music of the Conference will be under the direction of Mr. George C. Stebbins, and Mr. Lewis S. Chafer. Speakers expected are: Prebendary Webb Penloe, London, the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D., the Rev. Cleland B. McAfee, the Rev. Howard W. Pope, the Rev. Len G. Broughton.

Post Conference Addresses, August 15 to September 12, inclusive. To be delivered by Prebendary Webb-Penloe and others.

Beyond.

Never a word is said
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done,
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after-years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears:
While the to-morrows stand and wait
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere;
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far away.
—Henry Burton, in 'Temperance Record.'

The Prodigal.

(Albert Carswell, in 'National Temperance Advocate'.)

Mr. and Mrs. Johnston were sitting down to breakfast in their pretty east room. Mrs. Johnston had just poured out the coffee, when she turned to her husband and asked:

'Is the temperance act to be voted on here, Henry, dear?'

'Yes, dear,' answered Mr. Johnston impatiently; 'but I don't think it will succeed. I don't believe in this legislating people temperate. It looks too much like compulsion.'

Mrs. Johnston sighed and thought of her favorite son, far off in the Canadian North-West, whose actions had cost her so much pain.

Mr. Johnston was not a drinking man himself, but he had not identified himself with the temperance people, and had a curious notion of liberty in the matter. Before breakfast was over the mail arrived, and among the letters was one that made Mr. Johnston start and hastily open the envelope.

Mrs. Johnston had noticed her husband's movement and waited for him to inform her of anything that had occurred, and Mr. Johnston read her a letter from their absent boy. He was doing well; had settled down to work; was a total abstainer—for, in fact, he could not get anything to drink—and was trying to live a Christian. He ended by sending his love to his father and mother, and begged his father if there was a temperance law submitted to vote for it; it would do good to many poor fellows, as it had done good to him, out in the West, where the government allowed no liquor to be sold.

There were tears in Mrs. Johnston's eyes, but she wisely said nothing, and Mr. Johnston was also silent.

'Well, well,' he murmured, after a while, to himself; 'it is strange. I never thought the law would make a man sober; but it seems it will, and I'll vote for it.' And he did.

Anhinga the Snakebird.

Down in Central Florida, by a lagoon which empties into an inland lake, is the home of Anhinga. He wears a coat of glossy black with greenish reflections, and trimmed with silvery trappings. He would not be tall were it not for his long, slim neck. From the point of his bill to the tip of his tail he measures almost a yard. His toes are connected with webs, which are of great service to him, as he is one of the most accomplished swimmers among all the feathered tribes. His wings are long, and he usually beats them rapidly in flight. He moves swiftly through the air, and with evident ease when once well under way, but seems to experience some difficulty in rising suddenly from the water.

He obtains his food under water, which he secures by diving and swimming beneath the surface. His sharp-pointed bill is finely serrated, which enables him the better to retain his hold upon whatever he may seize.

In winter, when he has abundant leisure, he daily visits the small fresh-water lakes which are so plentiful in the high pine regions of the interior of the 'Land of Flowers.' In the spring, when there are nestlings to care for he remains closer at home. His favorite perch is on a stick or stump which projects a few inches above the water. Here he sits motionless for hours, intently watching what passes beneath. When a desirable fish or frog comes in sight he dashes into the water with almost lightning rapidity. After a dip he usually resumes his low seat, and, spreading his wings to dry in

the sun, holds them extended for an hour at a time.

Anhinga is not a song-bird. The only sound he is known to produce is a warning croak uttered at the approach of an intruder. When alarmed, he often drops into the water, and remains out of sight for a long time, probably reappearing on the surface far away. At other times he takes wing and pretends to fly away to another lake; after disappearing behind the tops of the tall pines, he turns about and quietly reappears on his favorite lake at some other point. When uncertain as to whether there is danger or not, he often alights upon the top of a tall dead pine, and craning his long neck, carefully surveys the object of his fears. Or he cautiously slips into the water, and swimming near the cause of his suspicions, reconnoitres by slowly raising his head above the surface until the full length of his neck is exposed, while the remainder of his body is still concealed. One who has seen his narrow head and thin neck in this position readily understands why he is called the 'snake-bird.' When assured that there are no evil intentions, he can be observed at very short range.

He rarely, if ever, swims on the water after the manner of ducks and geese, but is wonderfully swift and adept beneath the waves. He often flies across the lake just above the surface, and again sails about high in air, as is the habit of a hawk. Sometimes, as to show his contempt for an observer of his habits, or possibly to exhibit his familiarity with the element, he dashes into the lake near by, and, swaying rapidly from side to side, churns the water almost white with foam.

His mate is similar in appearance, save that her neck is of a dark brown color. Their nest is built upon a shrub or low tree inclining over the water, and consists mainly of sticks, and is lined with moss. The eggs are bluish white, with a chalky deposit, and are three or four in number. These birds have been seen as far north as the Ohio river, but their usual range is throughout tropical and subtropical America. —The Rev. J. M. Keck, in Pittsburg 'Christian Advocate.'

Terry's Visit.

(Katharine B. Foot, in 'Our Animal Friends'.)

Terry was one of the most enticing little dogs that ever lived, and one of the most intelligent; and besides all of his charming qualities he was a dog of very high degree indeed, a dachshund of blood and breeding not to be excelled in all London.

He was seldom ill or out of sorts, but once he stepped on a bit of broken glass and cut his foot when he was out walking with his mistress; the paw swelled up, and he evidently suffered so much with it that his master took him to the most skilled dog doctor in all London.

After looking at it very carefully the doctor said that he must lance it, or that Terry would surely have blood poisoning and might die. So it was lanced, and he bore it like the hero that he was, and when it was all over and the pain of the cutting was relieved he licked the hand that had hurt him. He seemed to understand that it had been done for his good, and so it proved, for in a little while Terry was quite well again.

About two years later Terry appeared out of his basket one morning with a badly swollen face, which he would not allow anyone to touch, and he ran away and hid if anyone came near him. So it went on for two days. He could not eat and did not seem to sleep, and then one morning at breakfast time Terry

could not be found anywhere. The servants had not seen him since the night before, and his master and mistress were sadly distressed. After looking everywhere, they were just about to advertise and offer a reward, when his mistress walked into the drawing-room and there lay Terry—the lost one—peacefully asleep on her best sofa. 'Terry—Terry—where did you come from?' his mistress said, scarcely able to believe her eyes—and as soon as his name was spoken down he jumped and ran to her, wagging his tail and seeming so pleased to see her. 'Where have you been, Terry?' she said, but he only wagged his tail harder than ever.

'Why,' she said looking him over, 'the swelling in his face is almost gone, he must be better;' and it surely was so, for he eat such a dinner, and then went to sleep again—in his basket that time.

'Now, wasn't Terry clever,' said his mistress, 'he just ran away and hid until he felt better and then he came out again.'

'That shows,' said his master, 'that the old theory that animals hide away in a wild state when they are in pain is true. The old instinct holds good after years and years of education.'

About a week afterward, when Terry was out walking with his master, the doctor to whom he had been taken when he had the swollen foot met them.

'Ah!' said he to Terry's master, 'I see that your little dog is all right since I took his tooth out.'

'Tooth? What tooth? I know nothing about it—when did you take it out?'

'A few days ago. I am not sure of the day now; I can find it in my note-book, though. Didn't you send him to me?' asked the doctor, puzzled in his turn.

'No, we missed him one day,' and he named the day; 'it was about a week ago, and he suddenly appeared again in the drawing-room.'

'Strange,' said the doctor. 'One morning last week when my man opened the front door Terry stood there as if waiting to come in. It was early in the morning when the door was first opened, and as soon as he got in the house he ran directly to my office, jumped up into my chair, and there I found him when I came down. I supposed that your man brought him to me.'

'I saw that he was in pain, and examined his mouth, and took out a tooth that had made all the trouble. I kept him until I was ready to go out in the afternoon, and as no one came for him, which I thought rather strange, I left him at the door. When I went home my man told me that the dog had been at the door when he opened it, and I meant to have sent you word about it and ask an explanation, but I forgot it.'

Terry's master whistled softly. 'Well! That explains his mysterious disappearance, and if Terry isn't the very cleverest dog in all England I am mistaken. He must have remembered how you helped him before, and just took matters into his own hands, or, rather, into his brains, and went to you to be taken care of. It is the most astonishing thing that I ever heard of.'

'Yes,' said the doctor, 'and he looked at me so beseechingly when I went into the room, and seemed very grateful when I took the tooth out, for first he licked my hands, and then he jumped all over me.'

'I remember now,' said the master, 'that I said to my wife the very evening he disappeared, when he was lying in his basket in the room, that I should have to take him to you the next morning, if he was no better then. He must have heard what I said and gone himself. I suppose he slipped out early

In the morning when the man opened the door, That must have been the way of it.

Just as I Please.

I heard a girl say recently, 'I'm not going to take music lessons of Miss Hayne any more; she is too exacting. She is always trying to make me hold my hands a certain way and makes me play it over and over until I get it just so. I'm going to take lessons from Miss Brown. She lets you do as you please, and never worries you because you haven't your lesson.'

Do you suppose you will ever hear of her as a great musician—or any kind of a musician?

A lady of my acquaintance remarked, 'I will not study under Miss Harvey, for she criticizes me, and I won't stand it. I am just as intelligent as she is.'

Do you think you will ever hear of that lady as a great scholar?

I knew a bright boy who quit the school right in the middle of the term last Winter, and when asked the reason he answered, 'Oh, the lessons are gettin' kind of hard, and I don't see any use in a feller workin' so hard for nothin'.'

Do you ever expect to hear of that boy as a great lawyer or doctor, teacher or preacher?

I heard another boy who was hired to sweep the school-house say, 'I ain't going to sweep the dirt off the porch, 'cause I'm only hired to sweep the room.'

Do you imagine you will ever hear of his securing an important position?

Of course you do not. You never expect to hear of any of these people again. No one will ever amount to anything who is not willing to be taught, and to work hard after he is taught. The teacher who is most exacting is your best friend. Love and thank the one who makes you do your work over and over until it is right.

Perhaps you remember the story of Agassiz and the fish. When Agassiz was a boy, one day his teacher gave him a fish and told him to study it. In an hour or two he came back and reported that he was done. The teacher asked him what he had learned, and he described the arrangement of the fins and scales, and such other things as he had noticed. Without a word of advice the teacher ordered him to go and take that fish and study it. He kept it until the next day, dissected its flesh, studied its organs and came back and reported what he had learned. The teacher again ordered him to study the fish. He took it home and studied the bones and studied the marrow. The next day when he reported, the teacher said, 'Very well, sir.' That was the real beginning of that careful system of study which made him one of the world's greatest naturalists.

A famous musician once said to the writer, 'Do you know that when I was at the conservatory I often practiced eight or nine hours a day!'

Hard work? Of course it is; but who that has a grain of pluck would not rather work hard and become skilful than to be such a poor workman that he never would have any work to do? It hurts to be criticized. I know it does; but who that has any spirit would not rather be criticized while learning than go on blundering all through life? The dead and useless limbs must be pruned away if the tree is to grow and be fruitful. When the pruning-hook comes to you, don't dodge and flinch, saying you would rather always be a scrub and bear sour, little, knotty fruit than stand some smarting just now.—'Good Cheer.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Only a Husk.

(The 'National Advocate'.)

Tom Darcey, yet a young man, had grown to be a very bad one. At heart he might have been all right, if his head and his will had only been all right; but these being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its old truthful yearnings. Tom had lost his place as foreman in the great machine shop, and what money he had now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do, here and there, at private houses, for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough, he could mend a clock or clean a watch as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine—and this latter he could do better than any other man employed by the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he had received five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt, the village tavern. He knew his wife sadly needed the money, and that his two little children were in absolute suffering from want of clothing, and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself, but the better part had become very weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went. For two or three hours he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but, as usual, stupefaction followed, and the man died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night, almost midnight, when the landlord's wife came into the bar-room to see what kept her husband up, and quickly saw Tom.

'Peter,' said she, not in a pleasant mood, 'why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcey home? He's been hanging around here long enough.'

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left the brain and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love for rum, but did not love the landlord. In other years Peter Tindar and himself had loved and wooed the sweet maiden—Ellen Goss—and he won her, leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spinster who had brought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once disregarded him.

'Why don't you send him home?' demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of the foot.

'Hush, Betsy! He's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of the nut, and his wife may have the husk!'

With a sniff and a snap Betsy turned away, and shortly afterward Tom Darcey lifted himself upon his elbow.

'Ah, Tom, are you awake?'

'Yes.'

'Then rouse up and have a warm glass.'

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.

'No, Peter, I won't drink any more to-night.'

'It won't hurt you, Tom—just a glass.'

'I know it won't,' said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the only solitary button left. 'I know it won't.'

And with this he went out into the chill air of the night. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern he stopped and looked at the stars, and then he looked down upon the earth.

'Ay,' he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel. 'Peter Tindar is taking the kernel and

leaving poor Ellen the husk, and I am helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my children of honor and comfort, robbing myself of love and life—just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk! We'll see.'

It was a revelation to the man. The tavern keeper's brief speech, meant not for his ears, had come upon his senses as fell the voice of the Risen One upon Saul of Tarsus.

'We'll see,' he replied, setting his foot firmly upon the ground, and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife:

'Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?'

'Yes, Tom.'

She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee, instead of the old, old cider.

'I wish you would make a cup good and strong.'

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about the work with a strange flutter in her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out—went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in the office.

'Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again.'

'Eh, Tom. What do you mean?'

'I mean that it's Tom Darcey, come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past, and hoping to do better in the future.'

'Tom!' cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping his hand, 'are you in real earnest? Is it really the old Tom?'

'It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong before very long if you will only set him to work.'

'Work! Aye, Tom, and bless you, too. There is an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me.'

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skilful supervision the engine was set up and tested, but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was complete.

'How is it now, Tom?' asked Mr. Scott, as he came into the testing house and found the workmen ready to depart.

'She's all right, sir. You may give your warrant without fear.'

'God bless you, Tom. You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your place again?'

'Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you will offer it to me then, I will take it.'

At the little cottage Ellen Darcey's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom was gone, she had found a two-dollar bill in her coffee cup. She knew that he left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar and flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and skimming before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she set out the tea table and waited, but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—and almost nine. Oh, was it but a false glimmer after all?

Hark! The old step! strong, eager for his home. Yes, it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands and the odor of oil upon his garments.

'I have kept you waiting, Nellie?'

'Tom!'

'I didn't mean to, but the work hung on.'

'Tom, Tom! You have been to the old shop?'

'Yes, and I'm to have the old place, and—'

'Oh, Tom.'

And she threw her arms round his neck and covered his face with kisses.

'Nellie, darling, wait a little, and you shall have the old Tom back again.'

'Oh, Tom. I've got him now, now—bless him, bless him! My own Tom! My husband! my darling!'

And then Tom Darcey realized the full power of woman's love.

It was a banquet of the gods, was that supper—of the household gods all restored—with the bright angels of peace and love and joy spreading their wings over the board.

On the following Monday morning Tom Darcey assumed his place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back in the joy and joylessness.

A few days later Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

'Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up?'

'I am up—right side up.'

'Yes—I see. But I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?'

'I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded my wife and little ones had fed on husks long enough, and if there was a kernel left in my heart, or in my manhood, they should have it.'

'Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night.'

'Yes, Peter, and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness.'

The Power of the Kodak.

Jack was sitting tipped lazily back in the easy-chair reading the newspaper.

'I declare,' said he to his mother, 'if it isn't shameful! There ought to be more than one man to see that the animals are not cruelly treated. If I were a knight and had a sword, like I read about in some of the story-books, I'd just start out and make it my business to protect animals.'

'Why,' said Jack, 'the paper says that two or three carloads of cattle were taken through here this morning and many of 'em were almost dead for want of water and from being thrown down and trampled upon by the others.'

'I should think the railway men or the men that owned the cattle or somebody ought to be prosecuted.'

'What are you talking about, Jack?' asked his father, who had just come into the room. 'Oh! I presume the owners of the cattle would have been glad enough to have watered the stock, and to have kept the weaker ones from being trampled upon by the stronger ones. They were taking them to market, and of course mistreatment meant loss to them. The trouble seems to be with the railway company, which will not provide the right kind of cars, or stop them long enough so that the stock can be looked after.'

'Then,' said Jack, 'if I were one of the brave knights I would couch my lance and ride up straight to the offices of the railway company and I would make them so afraid that they would promise to run the trains more slowly, and furnish cars with feed and watering troughs, and engineers who wouldn't stop and start with such a jerk as to throw the cattle off their feet.'

'Well,' laughed his father, 'you would probably be arrested by a policeman before you got very far and put into jail for your trouble.'

'Well, I think it is a mean shame, anyway,' said Jack; 'there ought to be something done. Can't something be done, father?'

'I don't know, I am sure,' said his father. 'Men are trying to pass better laws, but I fear that most of the people do not realize that they are needed. Perhaps things are not as bad as the newspapers report, or, if they are, but very few people realize it. If the public

could be made to see a picture of the suffering of these dumb brutes, perhaps they would—'

'A picture! Why, I never thought of using a picture instead of a sword, or a lance, or a battle-axe. Why, look here, there's just the thing! I can make a picture if I can't swing a sword. There is my kodak. I never thought of using it in that way before. I'll get Dick to take his along, too.'

Ten minutes later Jack was racing across to his chum's house.

'Dick!' he called out, 'get your "hawk-eye" and come on down to the stockyards.'

Dick heard the plan rather skeptically.

'What good will it do?' he said. 'They won't pay any attention to your picture, course they won't.'

'Won't they?' said Jack stoutly; 'you wait and see if they won't.'

So after dinner that day Jack swung his kodak over his shoulder and started off for the stockyards. He did not have to wait very long to find what he was in pursuit of. Presently a long train of stock came jolting in.

The cars were stopped, the engine was unhitched and backed off, while drovers alighted from the caboose and went up and down the train, 'punching up' the animals which were lying down, and attempting to feed and water them all.

'You will have to hurry up there!' shouted out a railway man to the owners of the stock. 'We are behind time now, and can only stop five minutes here—long enough to change the engines.'

'Can't you give us a little more time to get the animals up that are down? They will die if we don't.'

'No; hurry! The time will soon be gone.'

Jack crept along the side of the car, almost fearing to look in because of the disgusting sights he expected to see. By and by he saw a horn sticking through the grating. He tiptoed and looked in, but the next moment he turned his head and grew pale. Snap went his kodak and on he sped to the next car.

He had not much time. In another car he saw an animal which was faint and gasping lying in the bottom of the car. Snap went his kodak again.

Just as he reached the last car some men were approaching with buckets of water. The almost frenzied animals began to bawl and stamp with their heads and tails erect, and as if half-crazed by the smell of the water. Snap went Jack's kodak, and he had another view.

Two or three times again it snapped and then his work at that place was done. He hastened home, went into his dark closet, prepared his solutions, and in a little time had developed and dried his plates ready for the printing.

A few days later there came a light tap at the door of the office of the president of the railway company. When it was opened by the secretary it was not indeed a mailed and armed warrior who greeted him with threatening mien, but a neatly-dressed and pleasant-faced boy, carrying in his hand a kodak camera, who made this modest request:

'If you please, sir, may I see the president of the company just for a few moments? I have photographs of the railway which I am sure he will want to see.'

'Why, yes; I suppose you might show the boy in,' said the great man; 'I know his father, and I presume it is all right. What is that you have?'

His own face reflected the serious look upon the face of the boy as he looked upon the pictures and heard the explanations.

'Why, can it be possible,' he said, 'that the things can be as bad as this? I had no idea! Yes, certainly this must be stopped. I will

give orders at once about the cars and stock, and to the engineers. Thank you, my lad, for the service you have done in behalf of the poor creatures.'

And when Jack went home that day I am sure his heart beat as proudly and his step was as high and the look of victory on his face was as complete as it would have been had he sallied forth sword in hand to avenge the sufferings of the dumb animals in the warrior-like spirit of a knight of old—J. F. Cowan, in 'Sunday Afternoon.'

'Wanted--A Boy.'

Perhaps you have heard about this boy already; for Mr. Winchester is a business man now, and is very fond indeed of telling this story. But if you have not heard it, I'll tell you as nearly as I can in the way he gave it to us, one evening at dinner, when the conversation had turned on 'making one's way in life.'

Old Mr. Adams—for so he was called to distinguish him from young Adams, his son, who was in partnership with him—owned a large hardware establishment in a prosperous Massachusetts town. He was rich, and growing steadily richer; for he was as keen and capable as he was honest; moreover, he had the reputation of being the best of employers toward those in his service. So that when day after day that sign, 'Wanted—A Boy,' appeared so regularly in the Adams' window, everybody wondered why the boy wasn't found.

It certainly wasn't for lack of boys. There was a steady stream passing through the doorway day after day. Sometimes they left in less than ten minutes; sometimes they stayed all day. But as regularly as the sun rose and shone on that square little sign, the inquiring 'boy' came and went.

'He wants a full-fledged angel, with a dozen pairs of wings; that's what old Adams wants,' snapped one disappointed fellow, who had been airing his grievances with a little knot of other youngsters on the sidewalk in front.

Whatever he wanted, he seemed to be having a hard time in getting it; but Mr. Adams had the reputation of knowing what he was about, so no one interfered, though several were tempted to ask the why and wherefore of this freak.

The boys were shown one by one into his office; and one by one were told what it was that Mr. Adams wanted. That was, a trusty, faithful, capable sub-clerk. Of course, each youngster was delighted to find out that it was not merely a boy to run errands, but a genuine assistant clerk that was being sought for. Why the owner of the establishment should be so willing to take a boy instead of one of the many grown men who would have been glad of such a place they could not understand. But they could understand that it was a splendid place for a young fellow just beginning life, and all were eager to obtain it.

Andrew Mathers stayed just one day; Frank Scolley, one hour; Matt Wyman, twenty minutes, and some of the boys who applied never got further than the office door and a three minutes' interview.

What could the matter be? Suppose we see. Andrew was a bright, pleasant-faced young fellow, and came from a good family. The boys thought that if any one stood a chance, that one would be Andrew.

'Good-morning, sir,' said Mr. Adams, politely, as Andrew entered the office. And the boy answered with his best bow and with his most courteous business-like manner. So far so good.

Mr. Adams briefly explained that long-felt want, 'a boy to be a sort of assistant clerk.' Andrew held his head a little higher, as if he already saw himself a real live clerk instead

of the drudging boy of all work that he had been before. 'And to help around generally for odds and ends.' The young fellow's face fell. That sounded rather too much like an errand boy's work. But he brightened up and asked where he should begin. For an hour or two he was busy helping the clerks. By and by Mr. Adams came into the back part of the store where his new sub-clerk was engaged in marking a keg.

'Almost through there, Mathers?' he asked. 'Well, I wish you'd tackle the back storeroom. It's in such confusion, and we've all been too busy to see to it properly.'

'You want it put in order?' asked Andrew, doubtfully. He foresaw more sweeping, etc., than seemed dignified for a sub-clerk.

'Yes, it needs it decidedly,' and the merchant passed on. He wondered how Andrew would hold out; he was 'the best of the lot, so far,' he thought, regretfully. For the trial was coming, and by the boy's face it looked rather dubious.

Andrew explored the old back room, and decided on what he considered a most brilliant scheme. Calling the errand boy aside, he told him about the storeroom, and showed him a bright half dollar. Jim was tempted, and accepted the offer, promising to have the place ready that afternoon at the earliest hour possible. But there were so many errands to be done that by three o'clock Jim had found not a minute's leisure, and Mr. Adams, as ill-luck would have it, happened to go to the storeroom for something he wanted about that time, and discovered the still forlorn condition of matters, and the fact that Andrew had secretly hired Jim to do the work while he loafed in the front of the store, anxious to show off the fact of his rise in the business world.

And that night Andrew Mathers received a day's wages, and a politely regretful dismissal—reason unassigned.

Matt was so careless in his dress, and his hands were so evidently at home with the dust of the earth that, with a short lecture, on cleanliness, he was summarily dismissed.

Joe McCarthy was too rough. The clerks complained of his insolence within half an hour. And Tim McCarthy, his cousin, proved an inveterate liar.

So they came and went, good (in spots), bad and indifferent.

It was almost two weeks after the sign had first gone up that Charley Winchester applied at the office.

In all that time no boy had seemed to suit. Evidently the need was not a pressing one; there were plenty of clerks, seemingly, and a fairly good errand boy. The Adams' store seemed able to exist without that peculiar kind of boy, and yet its owners were still on the warpath, apparently searching for some as yet unheard-of specimen of boyhood.

Charley had not thought of applying at the first. He was attending school still, and was working hard and steadily every moment outside of school hours; for the Winchesters were poor, although they had once known better days. That poverty is the hardest of all to bear, as Charley well knew; and it was his hope and his aim to bring about brighter and better times as soon as he could.

He was anxious to be in school; for he realized that his education would fit him to fill a higher position than he could find without it. But after a talk with his principal, with the minister and the leader of a night school, he found that he could advance as rapidly with the addition of two studies in which the principal could still allow him to continue, as though he were to remain in the High School. And he had learned from the other boys that the sub-clerk was to have two hours a day free for school-work; for Mr. Adams knew very well what was the value of an education.

About ten o'clock on Charley's first morning, Mr. Adams, Sr., came down to the store to the counter, where his sub-clerk was doing up a little bag of nails for Johnny Smith.

Charley smiled pleasantly at the little fellow and he evidently was as courteous to such customers as to their dignified elders.

'Oh, by the way, Winchester,' said old Mr. Adams, 'I wish you'd tackle the old back store room, the ell to the large storeroom we use now. The old one has been waiting some time for a good cleaning out. You can begin when you see a chance, some time.' That was leaving Charley quite a margin; and Arthur or Tom, his predecessors, would surely have put it off until a more convenient season—till to-morrow, at any rate.

But Charley soon found out from the clerks that he was not needed in the store, and would not be, probably, for the rest of the morning, and he went at once on his fateful expedition. He discovered the same chaos which had conquered the explorers before him, but he set resolutely to work. He could not help wondering at and rather criticizing the carelessness of his employer, though he tried to excuse him as far as he could.

'I suppose he has so much to attend to,' he said to himself—there was no one else, unless you counted the rats, who now and then scampered out from their hiding-places to see who their invader was, to whom he could talk. 'But if I were proprietor, I'd see that all my clerks or errand boys, or somebody, kept the things in order, if I didn't do it myself.'

Nevertheless, Charley determined that order must be restored, even at this late day; and how he did work! All the rest of the morning he rolled and piled the barrels and boxes, until he had the 'centre of the deck cleared for action,' as he put it. Then, what do you think he tried next? Something that most boys do not especially enjoy. And how Mr. Adams' eyes danced when he looked in about noon, to see young Winchester down on his knees, just scrubbing away with all his might!

Charley straightened himself with as dignified air as was possible under such circumstances (his sleeves were rolled up and he was wearing as an apron a large dusting cloth which happened to be the only clean thing Anderson, one of the clerks, could find for him). He flushed a little, but tried to make his greeting very quietly courteous and indifferent.

'It is rather damp here for you, I fear, Mr. Adams. You will find that place rather soapy. I'm just letting the soap sink in on that spot as the only way to take it out. Toward the left you will find it drier, I think.'

There was a little defiant ring in the boy's voice, but Mr. Adams could easily pardon that. He knew that boys do not especially enjoy being caught in such attire, or doing 'girls' work,' as some rather foolish fellows choose to designate it.

He noticed that the windows were washed and polished. 'And dust and cobwebs have revelled there ever since I thought of this little scheme!' thought the owner.

'I couldn't see plain till they were cleaner,' said Charley, calmly scouting away at a spot where lampblack-must have been reposing for some years, so indelibly did it seem imprinted there.

'I won't get it done to-day, sir; but you said there was no hurry,' Charley went on devoutly, hoping that the proprietor would betake himself elsewhere very speedily; for it is embarrassing to have a man stand by and watch you mop, especially if you can't find any mop handle and are obliged to kneel more or less gracefully to the work.

'Oh, no, no hurry; not in the least,' Mr. Adams hastened to assure him.

'And the air was close and dusty. It will

be fresh and easier to breathe here by to-morrow,' the new sub-clerk continued, decisively. The decision in his tone was due to the energy with which he was scouring that black spot.

'If I do it at all, I'm going to do it up fine,' the young fellow had determined. 'And I don't care if the other fellows do think it's woman's work. I don't know why it should be, I consider it harder than waiting on customers; why, my back's most lame now. I don't see how women can do it. I've often done it for mother, only our floors were not so utterly awful as this old store-room. And it's honest work, and I won't be ashamed of it; so!'

Mr. Adams must have read young Winchester's thoughts, for he was softly chuckling to himself as he went back to the store, 'He'll do! he'll do! he thinks it's girl's work, but he won't be ashamed of it; and he is as thorough as can be!'

The next day it was rainy, and there was not much to do in the store, so Charley had a long, busy day in the storeroom. And by night the task was done. Everything was cleaned, sorted and neatly arranged, and what seemed utterly worthless laid aside in a heap just outside the door, where Mr. Adams could just glance at it, and see if anything in it proved fit to save.

And young Winchester was retained. The sign did not appear again, for that particular, especial, wonderful, superhuman kind of 'boy' that was 'wanted' had certainly been found.

Mr. Adams invited all the applicants into his store one day. The office could not hold them, and he gave them a pleasant but very frank 'talk' indeed; and he explained the store room scheme, the rock on which so many had struck; and he gave them some good advice for future service, too. He was interested in all boyhood, and he was a thorough business man. Many of the listeners carried its help with them through life; but some of the boys were angry.

'I should say it was a scheme,' declared one, angrily, as they talked it over on the grocer's boxes and other loafing places, that night.

'I should have thought we'd have caught on to it,' complained another.

'Well he didn't try it on them all, you see. Found out all he wanted to without it. And then he had such an offhand way we never thought of that old shed's being a test,' concluded a third.

I heard Winchester tell the story recently. He is a rising, popular business man of the Adams & Winchester hardware firm. And he is just as thorough and just as energetic to-day as when, years ago, he scrubbed out the old storeroom, which he owns now. And he wants a sub-clerk himself. I wonder just where he'll find another like himself. Who do you suppose will answer his 'Wanted—a Boy'? It's a long-felt want, and likely to be long felt. There are plenty of boys in general, but where is that particular special kind of 'boy'?—Jean Halifax, in 'Independent.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

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Beth's Birthday.

(Jennie W. Fraser.)

For a week wee Beth Ainsley had been all excitement.

On Monday she had begun to ask, 'Will the next day be Saturday?' And now it was Friday and Beth could scarcely wait for to-morrow to come, for was she not to be five years old to-morrow, and was she not to have a party, and—listen while I whisper it to you—a cake with five candles on it!

But at last the hands of the clock crept round to three o'clock Saturday afternoon, and the five little guests, one for each year, arrived.

ty, don't be so mean.' Sister Nan felt so sorry.

'I don't care, I want to be Toronto, and I said the game first, anyway,' and Ruth's little pink face began to pucker.

'All right,' quickly put in Beth, 'you be Toronto and I'll be Merton.' 'Hooray for Beth!' cried Hubert. 'Now we're ready.'

So Alice spun the plate and soon Toronto and Texas, 'Pinniweg' and Merton and Halifax were flying wildly about so as to change chairs without being caught, and then when Alice cried 'Stage-coach!' there was a grand rush, and Beth was left without a chair.

So she spun the plate, and the

his Tommy was a very small calf. This little calf was as white as snow and had the dearest dark eyes and the most silky ears one ever saw. Tommy belonged wholly to Johnny, and every day the little boy went three times to the orchard with the milk in a pail for his pet. Sometimes greedy Tommy upset his bucket and spilt the milk, and then Johnny would have to travel back for more.

Just outside the beautiful orchard lay the railway track, and sometimes the up-freight train had to wait right in front of the orchard until the man in the tower by the track signalled for it to come on. This was great fun for Johnny; for Johnny's father had fixed up a pully-post by the hedge with a wheel that Johnny could turn, and which would wind up a long rope hanging from the top of the post, and to the end of the rope was fastened a very small basket. Johnny would fill the basket with big red apples, and wind it slowly to the top of the hedge. Then, quick as a wink, the fireman's big black hand would seize and empty the basket, and all the trainmen would call out 'Thank you, Johnny!'

Johnny dearly loved to work the little pully, and, if the train had to wait very long for the signal, the basket was raised more than once, and every man on the train was sure to have several apples in his pocket to take home to his children.

One morning when Johnny went out to the orchard, the little white calf was nowhere in sight. The inquisitive little creature had simply squeezed through the hedge, and, when at last Johnny spied him, he was standing exactly in the middle of the track.

'Come, Tommy! Come, Tommy!' called Johnny in a fright, for it was not long until train time. 'Oh,' said he to himself, 'if mamma only hadn't told me never to go on the track, I could get out and drive him off, but I promised her I'd never go outside the orchard!'

There was no use in running to the house for help, because his mother had gone down to the village and there was no one at home but grandma, and she was lame. So Johnny could only coax and call to Tommy, and hold out a tempting apple through the hedge. But



'SO ALICE SPUN THE PLATE.'

There were Nan and Ruth Lane, Tom Jackes, Hubert Lister and his little sister Janie, who was only four.

Then how the house rang with merry laughter. They played hunt the slipper, and blindman's buff, and hide and seek, and all the games you all know how to play, until they were tired.

'I know a game,' said Ruth, 'let's play stage-coach.'

'Oh, goody! goody!' cried all the little people, and ran to get chairs. Tom got a low one for Janie, but the others could sit on grown-up chairs.

'I'll be Halifax,' said Nan. 'And I'll be Texas,' cried Tom, who had an Uncle Tom there. 'Pinniweg's me,' piped Janie, who always put things backwards. 'And Beth is always Toronto,' said big sister Alice, 'cause she was born there.'

'Well, I'm always Toronto, too,' said Ruth, 'and I won't play if I can't be.' 'Oh, Ruth! it's Beth's par-

very first names she called were Toronto and Halifax.

That night after they had all of them gone mother tucked her little girl into bed, tired but happy.

'It's been a beautiful day, motherie, I love birthdays.'

'And I think my little girl made it a beautiful day for others by giving up her own way so quickly.' Five minutes, and Beth was dreaming that she was in a land where birthdays came every week.

Johnny's Tommy.

Johnny and his Tommy had a whole big beautiful orchard to themselves to play in. In the spring it looked as if it had been covered with pink and white snow, the blossoms were so thick on the trees; and in the late summer and the fall there were ripe apples lying in the grass under the green trees. Johnny like summer best, and so did Johnny's Tommy.

Johnny was a very small boy, and

Tommy had had all the apples that he wanted, and he paid no attention. 'You'll be killed, Tommy!' screamed Johnny suddenly, for he heard the freight train coming.

The engineer had told Johnny that he would always whistle once if the train must stop; but if the track was clear and the signal was out, he would blow twice as he came on.

Clear and sharp came the two blasts that said, 'No stop!'

Johnny lay down on the grass and sobbed to think of his dear little white Tommy being crushed by the big engine. But Tommy outside planted his feet firmly on a tie, and, like the 'goose' a young calf often is, stood and faced the monster.

Suddenly the engineer saw Johnny's Tommy, and brought the train to a standstill. A grimy brakeman leaped off, seized the stubborn fellow, rushed down the bank, and, in spite of his kicking, thrust him through the very hole where he had crawled out to the track an hour before.

'Don't cry, Johnny!' he called out cheerfully. 'Tommy is all right. You watch this hole till some one comes, for another train'll be along pretty soon! Can't wait?' And in a minute the train was rushing on again.

When he had wiped away all his tears, Johnny buckled on Tommy's strap, and led him to the house; for he didn't dare have him in the orchard until the hedge was mended. He led Tommy up to his mother, and told her the story.

'That was a very kind engineer,' said Johnny's mother after she had heard it. 'Guess he remembered the apples!'

Then they both laughed at the big black finger-marks on Tommy's white coat; but that foolish fat little animal just kicked up his heels, broke loose, and scampered to the pail by the gate to see if dinner had been served.—Hilda Richmond, in 'Little Folks.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

'Nelly, Shake Hands.'

One day my brother was out driving in the country when a stranger stopped him by exclaiming: 'Hallo! that used to be my horse.'

'Guess not,' replied my brother. 'I bought her at a livery stable, and they told me she came from Boston.'

'M'm!' said the man. 'What do you call her?'

My brother answered that the horse was sold to him under the name of 'Pink.'

'Ho,' said the man, 'that isn't her name.'

Suddenly he cried out sharply: 'Nelly!'

Quick as a flash the horse pricked up her ears and looked around.

'Nelly,' said the man, stepping in front of her, 'shake hands!'

Up came the horse's right hoof for the man to take.

'Now give us the other hand, Nelly.' And she raised her left forefoot.

'There!' said the smiling man, 'do you suppose that wasn't my horse?' —'Our Dumb Animals.'

The Instincts of a Duckling.

A TRUE STORY.

(Mrs. Emma C. Thomas, in New York 'Observer'.)

My father who was a Connecticut farmer, found upon going out into his yard one morning, a very proud and happy mother hen who was walking about followed by one solitary little duckling. Ah! thought he, that hen has stolen her nest; for had she been properly set, she would have had a family of ten or a dozen chickens, instead of this one duckling, and could have cared for them equally well.

A few days later his grandson, a boy about eight years of age, living on an adjoining farm, came to visit him. He showed the little duck to Walter, for this was his name, and said:

'I will give you this duck, and you may take it home and give it to some of your mother hens to bring up with her chickens.'

Walter was much pleased, and ran to the house for a basket. A willow one with a tight cover was given him, and soon grandpa and he had the yellow ball-like fluff deposited under the cover. His home was a mile away over a winding

country road. He walked home, carrying his treasure, and reached home just before dark.

He sought out a mother hen with her brood of chickens and deposited the new comer with her for adoption. Now we would naturally think that with a kind mother, and ten new brothers and sisters, this lonely little duck would be very happy. But this is what really happened.

The next morning early, when grandpapa looked into the yard, there much to his surprise was this same yellow duckling closely following its own mamma, having just walked back alone over this long stretch of road to find her.

'Well!' said my father, 'if you love your mother like this, you shall never be separated,' and they never were.

Tit For Tat.

Six and Nine had a falling out, I can't tell what it was all about. One grew angry and said, 'O fie, You know you are worth three less than I!'

The other cried, with a pout and a frown, 'You're nothing but Six turned upside down!'

Leave Out the T.

I can't do sums! I really can't!

I'm sure I don't know why.

I can't do figures well at all,

I can't, and will not try!

But this was mother's good advice:

'Look here, my little man, Leave out that horrid T in can't, And change it into can!'

A dismal face was turned aside, All thoughtful for a while; And then at once it brightened up, With such a happy smile!

'I see, dear mother,' cried the boy,

'You want me just to say, I can, and will, do all my sums, And get them right to-day.'

And then, somehow, he found his sums

As easy as could be;

And every figure came quite right Through leaving out that T!

—Constance M. Lowe.

Almost without exception all great London physicians and surgeons are in favor of total abstinence. Some surgeons will not perform operations upon persons who have been addicted to drink.



LESSON IX.—MAY 29.

The Passover.

Matthew xxvi., 17-30.

Golden Text.

For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us. I. Corinthians v., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 23.—Matt. xxvi., 17-30.
 Tuesday, May 24.—Ex. xii., 3-17.
 Wednesday, May 25.—I. Cor. v., 1-13.
 Thursday, May 26.—John vi., 47-53.
 Friday, May 27.—I. Cor. x., 16-23.
 Saturday, May 28.—Rev. v., 1-14.
 Sunday, May 29.—I. Cor. xi., 20-34.

17. Now the first day of the feast of unleavened bread the disciples came to Jesus, saying unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the passover.

18. And he said, Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master saith, My time is at hand; I will keep the passover at thy house with my disciples.

19. And the disciples did as Jesus had appointed them; and they made ready for the passover.

20. Now when the even was come, he sat down with the twelve.

21. And as they did eat, he said, Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.

22. And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto him, Lord, is it I?

23. And he answered and said, He that dipeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me.

24. The Son of man goeth as it is written of him; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born.

25. Then Judas, which betrayed him, answered and said, Master, is it I? He said unto him, Thou hast said.

26. And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body.

27. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it;

28. For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

29. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.

30. And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

The life of Christ on earth has been roughly divided into three periods: The Period of Preparation, from his birth to his baptism; the Period of Labor, from his baptism to his death; the Period of Triumph, from his resurrection to his ascension.

It is with the last stage of the second period that we now have to do. Christ's labor is nearing its close, the Perea ministry is ended, and we have to-day a lesson upon one of the events of the day preceding the crucifixion.

The week in which the crucifixion took place is called Passion Week. The accepted outline of events during Passion Week, and several days preceding, is as follows:

Friday, March 31, Arrival at Bethany.
 Saturday, April 1, Supper and anointment at Bethany.
 Sunday, April 2, Triumphal entry into Jerusalem.
 Monday, April 3, The Temple cleansed.
 Tuesday, April 4, Last day of Christ's public teaching.

Wednesday, April 5, Return to Bethany.

Thursday, April 6, The Passover and accompanying events.

Friday, April 7, Betrayal, trial and Crucifixion.

Saturday, April 8, Women at the sepulchre.

Sunday, April 9, The Resurrection.

To-day we have the Passover, which occurred on Thursday, April 6. The Feast of the Passover commemorated the time when Israel started from Egypt, and when the destroying angel passed over the land, slaying the first born, wherever the blood was not sprinkled on the door posts. Read the account in Exodus xii.

This was typical of the death of Christ, the lamb whose blood saves those who trust in him.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 17-19. 'The first day of the feast of unleavened bread.' The Passover lasted a week, and during these days no leaven or yeast, was used in the bread of the Jews. This, being the first day of the Passover, was called the first day of the feast of unleavened bread.

We have, in these three verses, an account of the preparation for the Passover. See also Mark xiv., 12-16, and Luke xxii., 7-13. It was necessary to secure the paschal lamb, unleavened bread, bitter herbs, and wine used in the feast, and a place to observe this ceremony. See Exodus xii., 1-xx.

The famous picture of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, represents a table surrounded by seats. While the picture is a masterpiece, it cannot be regarded as correct on this point, for the people of that age and place reclined upon couches about the table, instead of using chairs.

Christ quietly responds to the question of his disciples, asking for directions about the place where they were to observe the ceremony, though it was typical of his own sacrifice. In a few hours he would be upon the Cross, the lamb slain from the foundation of the world, hence, in giving directions, he says, 'My time is at hand.'

20. 'Now when the even was come, he sat down with the twelve.' The Revised says, 'was sitting at meat,' in place of 'sat down.' From Luke we learn of a contention that arose among the disciples as to who was greatest. Even in this solemn hour, human selfishness and vanity assert themselves. Jesus rebuked them, and set an example of humility by washing the feet of his disciples.

21-25. 'Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.' Before this gathering Judas had already bargained to betray Christ, that is, to help his enemies seize him, and Jesus now announces to the twelve that one of them is a traitor. Notice the effect upon the disciples. They had just been quarreling about their several claims to the position of greatest, and they had been rebuked for so doing. The lesson seems to have gone home, for, at this sorrowful utterance of Christ, they do not offer a word of protest, but, humbled in spirit, they realize the possibility of wrong within themselves, and everyone asks anxiously, 'Is it I?'

It is singular that Peter should question his own loyalty, by joining in this inquiry, when a short time later he stoutly declares he would die rather than ever deny his Lord. The chill and oppression of near events, already referred to by Christ, his solemn and impressive manner, his sadness, and finally his open statement that this inner circle of his followers was not without its stealthy traitor, altogether seem to have led the twelve to doubt their own strength.

Christ did not long keep the real culprit from knowing that he was recognized. He stated that the one dipping with him into the dish was he, but before thus identifying the betrayer, he uttered one last warning, 'It had been good for that man if he had not been born.'

Judas, impelled by his already guilty conscience to make sure that his heart was read by Christ, asks, 'Is it I?' To this Jesus replies, 'Thou hast said,' that is, Yes.

In John xiii., we learn, that in response to a question from the disciple 'whom Jesus loved,' the Lord dipped the morsel into the common dish, according to Oriental custom, and gave it to Judas, who then left the room, and the old fellowship forever.

26-30. 'Take, eat; this is my body.' Following his departure the little gathering took on a better tone, though none less sad. Taking the bread he blessed it, and gave it to them as a symbol of his body, given to sus-

tain their immortal lives. Also taking the cup, with the 'fruit of the vine,' he offered it to them as the symbol of his blood shed for the remission of sins.

This was the Last Supper, the last time he would eat and drink with his disciples before he died, and he says, 'I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new within my Father's kingdom.' In the original the word 'new' signifies a new sort of wine. It would no longer signify blood shed for sins, a memorial of his death.

'And when they had sung an hymn.' The hymn usually sung in closing this feast was Psalm cxviii., and it is probable therefore that Christ joined in singing, when the footfalls of his betrayer had scarcely died away on the street, those words, 'O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: because his mercy endureth forever.' So ever faith sees beyond the sorrows and trials just at hand.

The lesson for June 5 is, 'Christ's Trial before Pilate.' Mark xv., 1-15.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 29.—Topic—What Christian Endeavor is doing in mission lands. Luke i., 49-55.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A FATHER AND SON.

Monday, May 23.—Abram's covenant. Gen. xxi., 22-34.

Tuesday, May 24.—Death of Sarah. Gen. xxiii., 1-20.

Wednesday, May 25.—God testing his people. Deut. viii., 2, 3.

Thursday, May 26.—A king tested. II. Chron. xxxii., 31.

Friday, May 27.—'When he hath tried me.' Job xxiii., 10.

Saturday, May 28.—'Try every man's work.' I. Cor. iii., 13.

Sunday, May 29.—Topic—A father and son: how God tested them. Gen. xxi., 1-14; Heb. xi., 17, 18.

The Superintendent.

('Living Epistle.')

Treating of the superintendent of a Sunday-school, J. B. Green, in the 'Herald' says:—

There is a business side to running a Sunday-school just as there is to running a church, and the superintendent must learn his business—and he will find that it is a very large business, too; that it will require about as much hard study and work as any other business he could go into.

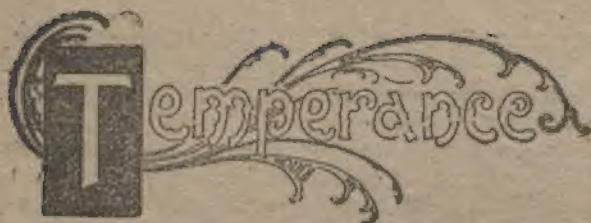
No business can prosper without a set of well-kept books. It is equally true with the Sunday-school. The superintendent should open account with every member of his own school, and he should be able to tell at any time just how the account stands. A Sunday-school without a thorough system of book-keeping is in a state of chaos.

Don't you see if this is done what a magnificent foundation you have for other work? As you take your book from your pocket on Monday or Tuesday night, and begin carefully to study the record of the members contained therein, what a volume of work looms up before you! Here are one, two, half a dozen, may be twenty-five members who need 'looking after.' Which is the best way? Some need a gentle reminder in the shape of a postal card; others may need a longer letter; a personal visit may be required for others who may be either sick or well. Oh, if your book has been well kept and your heart is in the work, you will find plenty in this book to keep you busy during the balance of the week; so you would better not put off looking into it later than Monday night.

If your heart should not be in the work as it ought, try keeping this book a while and see if it doesn't soon enlist your heart. I know of nothing which will so effectively interest one in anything as to study what it is doing and what it ought to be doing to do successful work.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.



Signing the Farm Away.

(Republished by request.)

(The Rev. W. W. Cochrane, in 'Union Signal'.)

Fine old farm, for a hundred years
Kept in the family name;
Cornfields rich with golden ears
Oft as the harvest came.
Crowded barn and crowded bin,
And still the loads kept crowding in—
Rolling in for a hundred years;
And the fourth in the family lines appears.

Orchard covered the slopes of the hill;
Cider—forty barrels, they say—
Sure in season to come from the mill;
To be tasted round Thanksgiving Day.
And they drank as they worked, and they
drank as they ate,
Winter and summer, early and late,
Counting it as a great mishap
To be found 'without a barrel on tap.'

But, while the seasons crept along,
And passions into habits grew,
Their appetites became as strong,
As ever a drunkard knew.
And they labored less and they squandered
more,
Chiefly for rum at the village store,
Till called by the sheriff one bitter day,
To sign the homestead farm away.

The father shattered and scented with rum,
The mother, sick and pale and thin,
Under the weight of her sorrows dumb,
In debt for the bed she was dying in;
Oh, I saw the wrecked household around her
stand—
And the justice lifted her trembling hand,
Helping her as in her pain she lay,
To sign the homestead farm away.

Ah, how she wept! And the flood of tears
Swept down her cheeks, once fair;
And the father, already bowed with years,
Bowed lower with despair.
Drink! Drink! It has ripened into woe
For them and all they loved below,
And forced them poor, and old and gray,
To sign the homestead farm away.

Oh, many scenes have I met in life,
And many a call to pray;
But the saddest of all was the drunkard's
wife
Signing the farm away;
Home, once richest in all the town,
Home in that fatal cup poured down,
Worse than fire's or flood's dismay—
Drunkard signing the farm away!

We have to thank Mary E. Adkin, Mary
Galloway and Mrs. Robert Oswald for copies
of the above poem.

Two Journeys.

(S. B. McManus.)

May I talk, Mr. Sheriff? If you say that
I may,
It will lessen the length of this terrible
way;
Of this terrible journey so short yet so far
That leads to the prison with bolt and
with bar.
It seems to me now that each moving
wheel,
The engine, and tender, and coaches all
feel
The shame of the burden they're hasten-
ing on—
That the stars look in pity and the red
near dawn
Will blush with a shame at the sight it
must see,
Of a lost life tortured with cruelty.
Not a long time ago as the years are now
told,
But centuries to me and alas manifold,
I came one day over this self-same road

With a life that with gladness was over-
flowed,
For my heart was just leaping with very
joy
And the world held no better, no happier
boy.
Unfasten these cuffs, let me wipe off the
tears
Which flow for these crucified, wasted
years.
My lips were yet sweet with a mother's
fond kiss,
And to think they have brought me only
to this;
A Father's blessing was on my young
head,
And the days seemed holy and hallowed.

A sister's caress and a brother's smile
Made a journey of joy each fleeting mile.
The white clouds laughed in the deep, still
sky
And the sun's red rays seemed to prophesy
Of kindness to me. The flitting trees
Were like prayers of gladness on bended
knees,
While the village spires, as prophets stood,
To bless me with everything sweet and
good.
And the cities and towns as they came and
went
Seemed to smile at me in a calm content.

Oh, the world looked fair, so wond'rous
fair!
And my heart was one throbbing, grateful
prayer
As I counted my blessings, so many then,
I could find no place for a glad Amen.
Health, love, and courage were my estate
And I laughed at fortune and scoffed at
fate.

The world would see that a manly man
Should lead in the hurrying caravan.
I would live to be loved, and die to be
missed,
Keep my life as the cup of eucharist.

Oh, that dear day's journey with no sorrow
to leaven,
Remains in my life as a dream of Heaven.
You know the rest, and I need not tell
How the tempter came and the tempted
fell:

Not with a sudden and crushing fall,
Not with the rendering up of all
I held most sacred in one quick act,
But slowly and surely with fateful tact.

An unwilling drink with a friend who
laughed,
To be followed by one less unwillingly
quaffed.

Another as pledge for old times' sake,
And yet one more for a thirst to slake.
Another to drown a homesick thought
Or the discontent of a lonely lot;
Prayers and pleadings—caress and kiss,
Lost from sight in this deep abyss.

A drunkard at last by slow degrees,
Bound and shackled beyond release;
A criminal next—but one step more
The felon's trial—the prison door.
Put on my shackles and bind me fast,
For this hour I stand appalled, aghast,
And my torture is something I cannot tell.
It is all that the darkest, deepest hell
Can render of pain. O Christ above
Have mercy on me in thy pitying love!

War on Alcoholism.

Germany, like France, is having a sys-
tematic and vigorous campaign against al-
coholism—that is the liquor traffic. The
propaganda is carried on mainly by the
publication and circulation of literature
dealing with the various phases of the
question and describing the evils and the
dangers which the traffic is bringing upon
the 'fatherland.' Count Douglass, the bro-
ther-in-law of the Emperor, is one of the
foremost temperance reformers in the
country, and day after day the journal of
the Imperial Parliament has contained
pages of his arguments against drink.
Leading lights in German universities are
also leaders in the new reform.

It is exceedingly suggestive that the
three greatest and most enlightened Euro-
pean powers—Great Britain, France, and
Germany—should all be the theatres of

vigorous campaigns against 'the drink per-
il,' in which some of the greatest and best
people of these nations are taking an ac-
tive part—notably scientific and medical
men. The fact should be a source of gra-
tification as well as encouragement to the
temperance people of Canada.—'Dominion
Presbyterian.'

Armor Plated Boys.

One of the chief means of protection to
our great battleships are huge armor
plates. It is important in these days that
there should be armor-plated boys. A boy
needs to be iron-clad on:

His lips—against the first taste of liquor.
His ears—against impure words.
His hands—against wrong-doing.
His feet—against going with bad com-
pany.
His eyes—against dangerous books and
pictures.

His pocket—against dishonest money.
His tongue—against evil speaking.
The Christian armor on her citizens gives
more security to the nation than all the
armor plates that are on her ships.—'Central
Christian Advocate.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World
Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure.
Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles
during the course of a year are well worth a
dollar.

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to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading
journals and reviews reflecting the current
thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man
in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue
of May 7, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The First Land Battle—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Germany and 'Weltpolitik'—The New York 'Times.'
The End of the Somaliland Campaign—The 'Daily Tele-
graph,' London.
The Licensing Bill Summarized—English Papers.
Mr. Arthur Chamberlain's Views on the Licensing Bill—
The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The English Budget—English Papers.
A War Budget Without a War—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Has the Small Family Become an American Ideal?—The
'Independent,' New York.
The Canadian Emigrant's First Month—By a Steerage Pas-
senger, in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
A Noteworthy Address—A Railway Manager to Workmen—
The Springfield 'Republican.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Antonin Dvorak—Death of Bohemia's Greatest Composer—
The New York 'Evening Post.'
Some Thoughts on Dvorak—Extracts from a Paper read
before the Incorporated Society of Musicians, by Dr. E.
Markham Lee, M.A.—'Musical News,' London.
Art in Furnishing—On Wall Papers—By Mrs. George
Tweedie, in the 'Onlooker,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Springtime—Robert Browning (Paracelsus).
Whippoorwill Time—Poem, by Madison Cawein, in the
'Atlantic Monthly.'
Springtime—Extract from a Sermon, by Mr. Thomas
Spurgeon.
Mustard and Oress—By O. H. Little, in the 'Pilot,' London.
Old Magazines—By H. B. Marriott Watson, in 'T. F.'s
Weekly,' London.
An Unpublished Letter of Goldsmith's—The Manchester
'Guardian.'
The Hunger of the Soul—By A. G. Gardiner, in the 'Daily
News,' London.
The Mystery of Sleep—The 'Daily Chronicle,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Heavens in May—The New York 'Times.'
Professor Baskerville's Berzelium and Carolinium—'Public
Opinion,' New York.
Dr. Rutherford's Book—The 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
The Age of the Camera—'Ladies Weekly.'
The Story of the Camera—By W. B. Ashley, in May
'Outing.'
Hotter than Death Valley—The St. Louis 'Globe-Democrat.'
Roman Coins Unearthed—The 'Daily Telegraph.'
Our Wealth of Flowers—The 'Youths' Companion.'

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papers for a dollar bill.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

Correspondence

Chester.

Dear Editor,—I cannot take your paper any longer, as father is dead, and I have no money. Father died last month. I would like to take it, but we have so much to look after now. We will try and take it next year if we have more money. I live on a large island; it is like three islands joined together. I have two brothers and three sisters. We miss father. My little brother has a little black lamb. I am the eldest of the family. I am fifteen years old. Well, I will close.

Good bye, dear Editor and boys and girls.
JENNIE M. & LOTTIE M.

Basswood, Man.

Dear Editor,—I was very much pleased to see my last letter in the 'Messenger.' I always look for the 'Messenger' the first thing after the mail comes home. I was very much surprised to see, while reading the letters in the 'Messenger,' that there was a letter written by a little girl whose birthday was on April 22, and was nine years old. That is exactly my age and birthday. The last time I wrote to this paper I was in the third book, but now I am in the fourth book. I like going to school very much. We have a lot of fun at recess and noontime. I have read a lot of books this winter, such as 'Teddy's Button,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Christie's Old Organ,' 'The Wreckers of Sable Island,' and three or four others. I think in the last one that Eric was a brave boy, or he would not have stayed with those wreckers. We have had a very bad winter here. But the spring is coming now. The snow is melting fast. I wish the Editors and members every success.

REBY P.

River Charlo, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy nine years old, and wish to send a few lines to you, as I do not see any letters in the 'Messenger' from Charlo. My brothers and sisters like the fine pieces which are every week in the 'Messenger,' and especially the Editor's letter. Charlo is a very pretty place, on the Bay Charleux. If you would visit us in the summer I am sure you would enjoy your visit. I and all the boys and girls would like to see the kind gentleman who sends us such fine things to read every week. We have a Presbyterian Church, which is well attended. The minister is the Rev. J. M. McL., whom we all like very much. You will be pleased to hear that in his good sermons he often speaks against the sale of liquor. We have a good Sunday-school. The superintendent is Mr. P. H. Our old minister, the Rev. T. N., although over eighty years of age, teaches the Bible Class, and gives short addresses at the close of the lesson. We have also a temperance hall. The members meet every week, and try to do all they can to improve themselves. Mr. John G. and Mr. John McL. have been members for many years, and have done a great deal for temperance. I would like to know if Lottie Bell T., of Agricola, N.W.T., still gets the 'Messenger.' I may write soon again. Your little friend,

D. LESLIE J.

Markdale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live near the town of Markdale, in the centre of the county of Grey. I am learning the printing trade at the 'Standard' office. I have been working there for over a year. The difficulty experienced by the C. P. R. on this branch during the past winter was enormous. Markdale was without a train for thirteen days. We have been taking the 'Messenger' for about eight years, about four years in my own name. I would not be without it. My father is a farmer.

R. W. E. McF. (aged 14).

Springfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for four years. I have enjoyed it greatly. I like that story of 'Daph and Her Charge' very much. I am sorry it has finished so soon. I live on a hill overlooking a beautiful lake. Springfield is situated between two lakes, Lake Pleasant and Mill Lake. The first settlers who came out here had to endure many hardships. They settled in a dense forest with only a path leading to more settled places. In order to get their supplies they carried them on their backs, sometimes from a distance of forty to fifty miles. Amid all these labors, they were at last rewarded by seeing lots gradually cleared, and

new roads made. Mill Lake is a great favorite for tourists. In the summer they go out in boats fishing, and enjoying the beautiful scenery. In the winter lumbermen log across the lake. They do a great business. In the spring they bring down the logs in booms to the mill near the lake, where they are sawn into lumber and shipped to other countries. I live quite near the station, where the Halifax South-Western train passes twice a day. There is a new line of railway built from New Germany to Caledonia, and it is called Caledonia Branch Railway. This is the first time I have ever written to the 'Messenger.' My birthday is on April 21. Wishing you every success,

FLORA B. R.

Springfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for four years, and think it is a very nice paper. I like to read the little letters, and I like to read the Editor's letter very much. I would love to see the Editor of such a good paper. I have one little sister named Sadie. My mamma's and papa's sisters all live in the United States. I have been there twice on a visit. My mamma and papa think perhaps they will go next autumn. I think I will not be able to go with them this time, as I will have to stay home and go to school. We have an organ, and I can play it a little. About eighty years ago this place was all forest, and now it is quite a thickly settled place. There were no roads fit for carriages, so they had to go on horseback. My grandpa was brought here on horseback when he was eight months old. I was twelve years old on Aug. 4 last. Wishing you and your paper every success,

ETHEL B. R.

Seamo, Man.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Northern Messenger' once before, and as I saw my letter in print, I decided to write again. We have had a very cold winter out here, and a lot of snow, but spring is here now. We have a Presbyterian Church up here, and also an English church. We live out in the country about fifty miles from a railway. There is a brass band up here. They gave a fine concert on March 3. My birthday is on April 3. I take the 'Messenger,' and think it is a splendid paper both for old and young.

FLORA B.

Minnedosa, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have not written to your paper for some time, but am always interested in it, and enjoy reading the letters, as well as the splendid tales it publishes. I thought Bessie C. A.'s letter was very interesting, especially the part about the books, as I am a great book-worm myself. My favorites are 'The Speckled Bird,' by Augusta E. Wilson; 'Nellie's Memories,' by Rosa Carey; and 'Lords of the North,' the author of which I forget. My birthday was on Feb. 4. I was thirteen years old. Next year I intend to have a letter party on my birthday. I think they are so nice. We take quite a few papers. My father took the 'Messenger' over thirty years ago, and thinks it a fine little paper. I go to school and am fortunate enough to have a fine teacher named Miss I. S. A. B. Now I will close, thanking you, Mr. Editor, for taking so much trouble over the correspondence page.

JEAN H.B.

Spring.

(By John Brown, a 'Messenger' reader.)

Spring has come with a cheering smile,
Old winter's banished for a long, long while,
The earth is roused from its winter's rest,
And the birds are ordered to build their nests.

The rain comes pattering on the pane,
Cleansing the earth from winter's stain,
Swelling the brooks as they hasten along,
Singing that same old springtime song.

The earth is bathed in the sun's bright ray,
As through the clear blue sky they stray,
Coaxing out leaves to shadow the nests
Of robins joyous, with crimson vests.

Buds are bursting on every side,
Calling bees from far and wide
To gather from their bosoms fair
The sweetest of all nature rare.

Then let us all with one accord,
Give thanks to the great unerring Lord,
And pray that each succeeding year
Shall bring to us the same good cheer.

HOUSEHOLD.

Hiring a Servant in Norway.

The 'servant question,' so much discussed in this country, does not exist as a problem in Norway. The 'Youth's Companion' describes the method practiced there of securing a servant for the mistress and a mistress for the servant.

In places like Bergen, Christiania, and other large cities, the municipal government takes entire charge of the matter. There is a central employment bureau under municipal control, and twice each year—once in summer and once in winter—dissatisfied servants can look out for a new master and mistress, and dissatisfied employers can seek to improve their service. The bureau is opened for one week, and the mistress who wants a maid can go to it, fill in a form stating her requirements and the wages she is willing to pay, and then leave all the rest to the bureau.

Her card is placed on file, and the position she offers is posted in a conspicuous place on a blackboard. Men and women servants in want of work examine these cards, and when they decide upon applying for any position, submit their recommendations to the bureau for examination. If these are satisfactory, the applicant receives a card to the prospective employer, available for one day only.

Should the lady hire the servant, she fills up the card with a list of the duties, wages, and terms of service agreed upon, and returns it to the bureau, where it is carefully filed for future reference if necessary.

If the applicant does not suit, the card is returned with 'not satisfactory,' which indicates that other applicants may be sent.

No matter how great the emergency, the new mistress cannot expect her maid for one week, for the girl must give her present employer that length of time to fill her place.

The law protects alike the employer and the employed. The rights of the maid include a comfortable room and bed, good and wholesome food, and prompt and regular payment of wages. In return, she must perform her duties faithfully, and be strictly honest, obedient, and respectful, during her term of service.

Should either party fail to comply with these requirements complaint must be made to a magistrate, who investigates the charges and renders a decision. The offended servant or the offended mistress cannot settle the difficulty by parting company. No matter how tired of the bargain mistress or maid may become, they cannot terminate it until the time agreed upon, except by permission of the magistrate. If a servant leaves without the knowledge of her mistress, she is subject to arrest, fine and imprisonment. On the other hand, the servant's wages are a first lien upon the property of the master or mistress.

The municipalities see that the law is strictly enforced with regard to servants, and themselves abide by it in their character of employers of labor.

The Blessing of Motherhood.

(Fannie Roper Feudge, in 'American Messenger'.)

What a dear, rollicking little fellow he was, our bright baby boy of two years! It was in the fourth year of our married life that he made his advent into the lovely home to which my husband had taken his girl-wife; and the little one found a hearty welcome, I assure you, from both his parents. I used to wonder afterwards how I had ever managed not to be lonely on the long days without the merry laugh and 'cute little ways' of my darling. For John's business kept him a good deal away from home, and it seemed so nice, even before the baby could answer back, to talk to him and wonder how much he could understand of my words. As he began to crawl and clap his dear little dimpled hands whenever I came near him, my joy seemed too full to admit of any increase; but as the months sped apace and he could toddle all around, following in my footsteps from place to place, not only my heart but all the house seemed full of sunshine, and the whole world did not contain a prouder or happier mother than I.

My little man was always in mischief, of course, as is every bright, healthy child of his age—always experimenting on his own

powers, and on everything else that came within his range. There was no end of the work of 'tidying up' after the frolicsome little urchin and keeping him out of harm's way, he was so quick in his movements, and very venturesome withal; but I never thought of complaining of the work, and he seldom cried or fretted even when crossed in his play.

One day, however, my little lad contrived to possess himself of a bright, sharp-bladed knife that evidently took his fancy, for it was his glad shout of elation that attracted my attention, and I turned round just in time to see the gleaming blade of the long carving-knife grasped by two chubby hands and lifted towards the dear baby face that bent forward in smiling glee. How it happened I never knew—probably, in clearing the breakfast-table, the knife had fallen unobserved; and our dainty darling, who was seated on the carpet building block-houses, spied the bright steel and hastened to take possession of the treasure he had so often coveted when seen in papa's hands.

Half dazed by terror, I rushed towards the child and placed a firm hand on the dangerous implement; but he held on vigorously, and it required care as well as force to remove the sharp blade without wounding the dear little hands. When at last I succeeded and bore away the treasure over which he had been so jubilant, he did not scream, but just sobbed as if his little heart was grieved; and then, pointing to the knife and holding out both hands as great tears chased each other down the flushed cheeks, he said piteously, 'Pease dim me mine pretty; pease, mamma. I'se so want my own pretty.' As I laid the knife out of sight and offered to take him in my arms, he seemed too sorely disappointed to think of anything else, and the sweet baby lips fairly quivered with emotion. It was hours before the little one could be pacified, even so far as to eat or sleep; and it was not until the next morning, after a rather disturbed night, that he seemed his own joyous, happy little self again.

None but a mother can comprehend what I suffered in having persistently to refuse my darling the one gratification for which he longed and begged so piteously. But I withheld it nevertheless; and I learned that day a new chapter of mother-love and a new lesson concerning that great love wherewith the Father hath loved us, in giving his only and beloved Son for our redemption. I learned, too, such a lesson of trust and confidence in the dear, loving Father above as had never come to me in such fullness and sweetness before.

It was my intense love for my child that led me so persistently to refuse what he longed and yearned for, though 'he sought it with tears' and all the mute eloquence that his baby powers were capable of expressing. Yet in fidelity to myself, no less than to my child, I must deny him the boon he craved, since to have gratified this longing for what must assuredly have compassed his ruin would have been the fruit not of affection, but of the lack of it.

So the dear Father in heaven deals with his short-sighted children who weep and pray and plead for some temporal blessing that, if bestowed, might prove their ruin, or for the removal of some chastening that the Infinite Wisdom sees needful to their highest good, and which he does not withhold because of his great, boundless love for his grieved child. If we, encompassed with imperfections, so love our children as to find a joy unspeakable even in sacrifices for them, may we not argue that he whose name and nature are love will withhold 'no good thing from them that walk uprightly'?

So let us trust even where we cannot comprehend; and hear the Father's voice saying out of the thick darkness, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

Egg Dishes.

(Mrs. Mitchell, in 'Union Signal')

Baked Omelet.—Six eggs beaten separately, two heaping teaspoons flour, one cup milk, butter the size of an egg. Take enough of the milk to wet up the flour, heat the rest of the milk, and when at the boiling point, stir in the flour paste, pour upon the well-beaten yolks, add the melted butter, lastly and lightly the whisked whites of the eggs. Bake fifteen minutes.

Egg Pudding.—Slice six hard-boiled eggs

and arrange in a baking dish in alternation with crumbs of stale bread. Season with salt and pepper and pour over a cup and a half of sweet milk. Bake half an hour.

Creamed Eggs.—Take as many hard-boiled eggs as you need, halve them, and cut a piece from the ends so that they will stand alone. Make a sauce of one cup of milk, two tablespoons of butter, and season with pepper and salt. Thicken with flour, pour over the eggs and serve.

Hot Eggs.—Halve hard-boiled eggs, remove the yolks and season them with melted butter, salad dressing, and a dash of cayenne. Fill the hollowed whites, dip in egg and crumbs and fry a rich brown.

Bread Omelet.—Soak until soft three-fourths of a cup of fine, stale bread crumbs in three-fourths of a cup of milk. Add a teaspoon of salt, the well-beaten yolks of six eggs, and then the whisked whites. Cook on buttered spider until brown underneath; fold, dish on hot platter, surrounded by the following sauce: Melt one tablespoon of butter, add two teaspoons flour, salt to taste. Pour on one cup hot milk, stir until thick, add one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a dash of white pepper.

For Dessert.

Quaker Pudding.—Beat two eggs and a cupful of sugar together, add one cupful of any sort of fruit or fruit jam. Soften two cupfuls of bread crumbs in one quart of milk, and stir into the beaten eggs and jam. Bake slightly in a pudding dish. Cover the top with a layer of fruit or jam, and cover that with a meringue of whites of eggs and brown in the oven.

Spiced Gingerbread.—To one and one-half pounds of sifted flour add one-half pound each of fresh butter and brown sugar; one teaspoonful each of powdered cloves and cinnamon; a tablespoonful of ginger and, if desired, two tablespoonfuls of caraway seeds; mix together, then add a pint of good molasses; dissolve a small teaspoonful of soda in a little sour milk and add to the batter; turn out on a dough board and knead until smooth and firm. Bake in buttered pans in a moderate oven. A pretty way to bake is to roll into a thick square, cut into long strips, twist every two strips together and bake.

Selected Recipes.

Bread Sauce.—One seldom sees bread sauce served with roast chicken outside England, yet it is one of the things worth having on the table as often as possible, since one tires of the inevitable giblet gravy offered with fowl. Two cupfuls of breadcrumbs are to be sifted, and enough to thicken added to a pint of scalded milk, in which a small onion has been sliced while heating, but removed before the crumbs are put in. It is then seasoned with half a teaspoonful of salt and as much butter, with a dash of pepper and a little nutmeg. The coarser crumbs left in the dish are put in a pan with a tablespoonful of butter and browned quickly; these are put around the roast fowl while the bread sauce is passed in the gravy-boat; or the fried crumbs are put on top of the sauce and the two served together.

PATENT REPORT.

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Nos. 85,885, Jules Dansette, Paris, France, process for manufacture of ceramic articles; 85,888, Samuel S. Coburn, Hawthorn, Australia, improvement in field gates; 85,923, Dr. Stephan and Dr. Hunsalz, Berlin, Germany, process of making camphor; 85,999, Messrs. Seguin & R. de Sales, Paris, France, method of manufacturing artificial caoutchouc; 86,160, Emma Homann, Berlin, Germany, method of destroying canker and of protecting trees against damage; 86,294, Guido Farrabino, Dusseldorf, Germany, feed regulators for steam boilers; 86,327, Messrs. Löffler & Weidle, Vienna, Austria, filters in which the liquid to be filtered is sucked through filtering bodies; 86,840, James Purdie, Dunedin, N.Z., wave motor; 86,870, Heinrich Zpelly, Zurich, Switzerland, elastic fluid turbines; 86,889, Johan A. Holmstrom, Rome, Italy, etching apparatus.

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